MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

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BIOGRAPHY.

[With pleasure we afford our readers the following Biography; it is copied from respectable authority, and penned with superior elegance; the name of FOX must engage attention, and at once enlist our feelings in the character of a man whose "stupendous abilities" have attracted the admiration of the world.]

Anecdotes of the Right Honorable CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THE Right Honorable *Charles James Fox* is the second son of Henry first Lord Holland, by Lady Georgina Carolina, eldest daughter of his Grace the late Duke of Richmond. He was born the 13th of January, 1749; and descended, by the mother's side, from the famous, but unfortunate house of Stuart, whose bigotry in religion and presumption in politics have banished their posterity from the crown of these realms. He is, consequently, not only allied to the present reigning family, but also to most families of the highest rank, as well as the greatest antiquity and influence in England.

We frequently meet, among the great, with persons of the meanest understanding and most ignoble taste; just as, in the lower orders of mankind, we sometimes see those of a superior capacity; but reversing their situation would surely very much heighten the contrast. And though Mr. Fox came into the world under all the advantages of a noble genealogy and an ample fortune, his natural endowments are such as must have readily and greatly distinguished him in every situation.

He derives no extraordinary lustre from the splendor of his ancestors, however, at least by the male line. His father was created a peer of the realm in 1763, by the title of Baron Holland of Foxley. In the preceding reign, this celebrated statesman, whose talents for business of the most intricate nature, were of the first distinction, was greatly caressed at court. His abilities and address, especially in Parliament, so effectually recommended him to the royal favor, that, in the year 1754, we find him secretary at war. In this arduous department, he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his majesty, that, in the following year, he was thought competent to fill one of the highest offices under the crown. On the resignation of Sir Thomas Robinson, he was therefore appointed secretary of state for the southern department.

The parts of this noble Lord qualified him, in an eminent degree, for the several stations he occupied in his majesty's service. Equally active and laborious, his predilection for the gaieties of fashion had no unfriendly influence on the habits of business. He added, to a most retentive memory, the keenest attention; and though his talents were not rhetorical, he was famous for taking to pieces the most finished and elaborate speeches. The all-powerful aloquence of a Pitt was even sometimes foiled of its effects, by his pointed statement of facts, by accommodating his replies with astonishing facility to the humor of the times, and by the uniform advantage of a masterly knowledge of the world, and an infinite shrewdness of remark. Versatility, in his political principles and attachments, was none of his foibles. He set out, and continued to the end of his life, in the steady support of government. His emoluments, during a long and expensive, but glorious war, were undoubtedly enormous. This circumstance, so obviously unavoidable from an increase of the public expenditure, was yet supposed big with some very criminal peculation. But it is now certainly known that his mode of disbursements was not only strictly conformable to the established practice of the office, but that to which all his succossors, before the late reform, inviolably adhered. With what justice, therefore, he has been calumniated, as the public defaulter of unaccounted millions, let the world, who are no longer incompetent, impartially decide.

It is notorious, however, that all his political intrigues and official engagements could not divert his attention from superintending the education of his children.—Never did one, of such libertine habits in the earlier periods, become a fonder father in the declension of life. Every hour he could spare from the public was religiously dedicated to this great domestic duty. The Right Honorable Charles James Fox, whose public conduct is the professed subject of these memoirs, was always his favorite son. He soon perceived marks of that astonishing genius by which this political phenomenon would attract the most signal and universal admiration. On these these he spared no species of culture which he deemed essential to their maturity. It was his invariable maxim to follow and assist, but in no case whatever to circumscribe or restrain, the exertions of nature. The various eccentricities of infancy and jocundity, which distinguished a character whose improvement he had so much at heart, were uniformly treated by him with unbounded indulgence.

This mode of tuition, like the subject to which it was applied, though not of an ordinary kind, is abundantly justified by the event. Common rules can never be practised with propriety but in common cases. A capacity thus strong and original, derived immediate and permenent utility from such an early and unlimited indulgence. The utmost latitude of his pleasures, and even his projects and whims, never, in a single instance, occasioned an exertion of paternal authority. His Lordship could advise, importune, and even condescend to stipulate, but never ventured to command. The pride of his old age was accustomed, even while an infant, to speak freely on all subjects, and without ceremony in all companies. His first indications of thought and ingenuity were sedulously cherished, and whatever could interest his heart, charm his imagination, or occupy his understanding, happily selected, and occasionally thrown in his way, for that purpose. This unavoidably gave him such a habit of thinking with freedom, and speaking with readiness at all times and in all places, as has contributed not a little to that liberal comprehension and prompt phraseology to which his unparalleled powers of elocution owe much of their excellence.

The celebrity which distinguished his progress in the acquisition of classical learning, at Eton college, where he is said to have masteted every task and science by a kind of intuition, procured him an immediate and decided superiority in every class he joined. In these pristine scenes of puerile eagerness and emulation, nothing went forward among his numerous playmates, which indicated either enterprize or ingenuity, in which he was not a leader. That manliness, which the uniform treatment and demeanor of a tender, but sagacious, father, so happily impressed on his manner, has never, to this day, forsaken him

in any one period or circumstance of his life. It even gave him an ascendancy among his juvenile compeers, which, to those who examine the first emanations of transcendant abilities philosophically, was no improper or insignificant prelude of that irresistible influence which his character and qualities were destined one day to maintain on a more important and interesting theatre. His public studies, at this celebrated school, were under the direction of Dr. Barnard, who never had occasion to censure, but often recommended him to the imitation of his fellow-students, and particularly pointed out his manner of performing his usual exercises as singularly original and exemplary. His private tutor was Dr. Newcombe, the present bishop of Waterford, who derives more celebrity from such a fortunate circumstance than from any preferment the church can afford him. Under such masters, and with such powers, his accomplishment, in every branch of polite literature and all the elementary sciences, kept pace with the fondest and most sanguine expectations of his friends. For, even without the formality of any regular preparation, he was never once deficient in a single task prescribed him. And it was not easy to determine whether literature or dissipation was uppermost in his heart, as a preference of one to another never interfered with his pursuit of either.

[To be continued.]

DR. KENNICOTT.

The authors of the Encyclopedia Britanica, under the article Kennicott, confess themselves ignorant of the parentage and early life of that learned oriental scholar. It is of great importance that every thing relating to eminent persons should be made public. As biography is to individuals, what htstory is to a nation, useful under varsous situations for the regulation of conduct, nothing, that shews the progress of men from obscurity to eminence, can be considered as trivial. However eftimable in the eyes of the multitude, high birth and heriditary station may appear, those in reality most deserve the admiration and gratitude of mankind, who have proved in themselves, that virtue and talent, accompanied by assiduity, may climb to the summits of fame or success. The biography therefore of men, who have toiled with persevering industry, will be the great stimulus to the activity, and at the same time teach ur how to regulate our attempts. It will inspire patience under obstacles, and correct the irregularities of sanguine hope.

The origin of Dr. K. was obscure. His parents were honest characters: his father was the parish clerk of Totness in Devon, and once master of a charity school in that town. At an early age young Kennicott succeeded to the same employ in the school, being recommended to it by his remarkable sobriety and premature knowledge. It was in that situation he wrote the verses to the Hon. Mrs. Courtney, which recommended him to her notice, and that of many neighboring gentlemen. They, with a laudable generosity, opened a subscription to send him to Oxford.

He soon there distinguished himself as is well known. As a testimony of the truth of the above statement, the following is a copy of an inscription written by Dr. K. and engraved on the tomb of his father and mother. The writer of this article has transcribed it from the original in the church yard of Totness. The tomb is more elegant than persons in their situation are accustomed to have erected, and was thought, perhaps, by the envious, to be somewhat ostentatious. A personal knowledge of the Doctor induces the writer of this article to think it was rather the tribute of a good and grateful mind, and of the pious reverence and love which he entertained for the authors of his being.

As virtue should be of good report,
sacred
be this humble Monument
to the memery of
Benjamin Kennicott, Parish Clerk of Totness,
and Elizabeth his wife :
The latter,
an example of every Christian duty ;
The former,
animated with the warmest zeal,
regulated by the best good sense,
and both constantly exerted
for the salvation of themselves and others.
Reader !
Soon shalt thou die also ;
and as a candidate for immortality
strike thy breast and say—
Let me live the life of the righteous,
that my last end may be like his.
Trifling are the dates of time,
where the subject is eternity.
Erected
by their son, B. Kennicott, D.D.
Canon of Christ-Church, Oxford.

It is said that when Dr. K. had taken orders, he came to officiate in his clerical capacity in his native town ; when his father as clerk proceeded to place the surplice on his shoulders, a struggle ensued between the modesty of the son and the honest pride of the parent, who insisted on paying that respect to his son, which he had been accustomed to shew to other clergymen ; to this, filial obedience was obliged to submit. A circumstance is added, that his mother had often declared she should never be able to support the joy of hearing her son preach ; and that on her attendance at the church for the first time, she was so overcome as to be taken out in a state of temporary insensibility.

For the Merrimack Miscellany.

The COLLECTANEA....No. 7.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Sterne, so celebrated as the author of Tristam Shandy, and the Sentimental Journey, was of Cambridge University ; no strict priest, but, as a clergyman, not likely to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee house, he observed a spruce powdered young fellow by the fire side, who was speaking of the clergy in the mass, as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up while the young man was haranguing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favorite little dog. Coming at length towards the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow : "Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one disorder !" "What disorder is that ?" replied the young fellow. "Why, Sir (said Sterne) one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black." "That is a singular disorder (rejoinded the young fellow) pray, how long has he had it ?" "Sir, (replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness) ever since he was a puppy !"

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sir William Jones was a student of University-college, Oxford, but took his Master of Arts degree at Cambridge, Eng. His writings, as well as his talents, are various. His Specimen of Asiatic Poetry, though a juvenile work, and founded indeed, on Bishop Lowth's book, *de Sacra Poesi Hebreorum* is certainly an elegant and useful work ; an extraordinary performance for so young a man as he was when he composed it. Its merit on the score of Poetry is at least equal to its pretensions in criticism.

Subjoined to this volume is his *Limon, seu, Miscellaneorum Liber*, which consists of Greek and Latin versions of some admired passages of English poetry. We shall by way of variety present the reader with the following delicious lines which were his composition ; and the insertion of them here require no apology. They were written in the honesty and gaiety of his heart, in the earlier part of life, tho' after he had left the University.

TO THE NYMPH OF THE SPRING.

Written near a Spring between two Hillocks, in the Neighborhood of the River Tivy, in Pembrokeshire.

Why should old Tivy, boys, claim all our duty paid,
And no just homage be to charming youth and beauty said?
See where the Nymph of the Spring sits inviting us,
With charming waters crystalline, refreshing and delighting us.
What, tho' his margin broad be rocky, oak'd & willowy?
And what tho' his ozier banks be spacious, deep and billowy?
She, from her sweet paps, lilied and roseal,
Lies feeding all her laughing buds, with dew-drops ambrosial.
Then, with sweet melody, carol to the fountain nymph,
Far sweeter than a sea-nymph, and milder than a mountain-nymph.
Long may her streams gush, lucid and nectarious,
And long may her banks be deck'd with flowrets multifarious;
Long o'er her arched grot may purpled winged Zephyrus,
Come leading on his wanton bands of breezes odoriferous.
Yearly to the Naiad shall the roundelay repeated be,
And by the chorus jubilant her liquid silver greeted be.
Say, can we better, boys, chase dull idle Care away,
Than thus by passing hours of mirth in harmony and roundelay?
Stretch'd on that green hillock's bank around her rosy nipple, boys,
We merrily will sing and laugh, and merrily we'll tipple, boys.
Drinking to damsels, lovely and delicious;
Oh! heavens, would they smile on us, like deities propitious.
And, mark! if any rebel here shall miss the cup or mutiny,
Amerc'd shall be the miscreant, without appeal or scrutiny.

These lines are original; but, judging only by Sir William's translations, we are of opinion, that he has produced no specimen of Asiatic poetry superior, if equal, to this. It is in the true spirit of Hafez, and resembles most those pieces of Asiatic poetry, which by some are thought to have an *arcane* signification. *Vid.* "*Specimens of Asiatic Poetry.*" *Pars tertia, cap.* 9.—And of this number, in the judgment of many writers, is the Song of Solomon.

The following lines, written by a less able hand, and partly on occasion of reading the above, require an apology. They will just serve to put in this corner.

Why is there so much pleasure in a kiss?
Where lovers meet must be the point of bliss;
And on the lips the purest sweets they share,
For love is wont to make his nect'ry there.

LITERARY NOTICES,

[Of English Publications—the last year.]

Mr. MITFORD, the learned and excellent historian of Greece has published a new edition, materially enlarged and most carefully revised, of his "*Enquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language, and of the Mechanism of Verse, both modern and Ancient.*"

This may be considered as the best treatise on the subject extant in our tongue; it displays a varied and extensive erudition, correct taste, and much critical acumen.

Mr. DIBDIN, of St. John's College, Oxford, has published a new edition, corrected, and very much enlarged, of his "*Introduction to the rare and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, &c.*

The Greek and Latin authors are arranged, indiscriminately, in alphabetical order; and of each, the different editions are enumerated in the order of time, with a short history and criticism subjoined of every edition. The present volume contains an account of the Polyglot Bibles, the Greek Bibles, the Greek Testaments; editions of the most popular Greek and Latin classics, alphabetically arranged; the Latin writers on Husbandry; the Greek Romances; and the various sets of the Classics, such as the editions in Usum Delphini, the Variorum, and Elzevir Editions, the Aldine Classics, &c. together with an Analytical Index, exhibiting, at one view, the printer's name, the place of printing, the size, date of edition, with reference to the page where the full account is to be found. Mr. Dibdin observes, that if this publication should be approved of, he may be induced to follow it up with a similar work, on the remaining Greek and Latin writers, including the Fathers; which may be succeeded by an account of the most curious and rare books in the English and French languages.

Mr. ABERNETHY's "*Surgical Observations*" are distinguished by that professional acuteness and accuracy which he is so well known to possess, in a very eminent degree. They contain a classification of tumors, with cases illustrating the history of each species; an account of diseases which strikingly resemble the venereal disease, and various cases, illustrative of different surgical subjects.

☞ The London list of new publications for June, 1805, mentions, 2 agricultural, 8 on antiquities, 3 on architecture, 11 on the arts, 4 biographical, 6 botanical, 8 historical, 3 on law, 7 medical, 6 military, 1 on mineralogy, 20 miscellaneous, 13 novels and romances, 3 philosophical, 16 poetical, 15 political, 15 religious, 3 topographical, 2 of voyages, and an almost infinite number of songs and pieces of music. Among the biographical publications are "Memoirs of Talleyrand, 2 vols. 12mo."

DOMESTIC.

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

The editor would be culpably insensible to the progress of polite literature in America, if he omitted to notice, with applause, a Literary Journal of the most respectable character, published at Boston, entited "THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY," combining the characters of a Magazine and a Review. This Miscellany commenced under no very favorable auspices, and from the negligence of the proprietors, or the indifference of the public, was dwindling into feebleness, or rather sinking into oblivion. By a change of men and measures, its credit has been retrieved, its influence widened, and its character established. So unfrequent in America is the intercourse between men of letters, so sullen is the genius of republicanism, so wide is our *waste* of territory, so narrow our prejudices, so local our interests, so humble our means, either of receiving or imparting knowledge; that we have but little of that *esprit du corps* which characterises the Literati of Europe. Our men of letters scarcely ever act in concert, each unconscious, and often careless of what another is doing, proceeds sullenly alone, and a Magazine, or even works less ephemeral, may be projected and executed at Boston, of whose authors and whose objects an inquirer at Philadelphia or Baltimore may be profoundly ignorant. The Miscellany in question, which has given occasion for these incidental remarks, began, we know not how or when,

"*From whom descended, or by whom begot.*"

And now it has passed into other hands, we neither know the editor nor any of his associates nor correspondents. No powers of divination that we possess enable us even to conjecture, plausibly, respecting the projectors of this ingenious journal, though from internal evidence we may suspect some of our literary compatriots in New-England. Our praise, therefore, is perfectly unbiassed and sincere, and we are disposed to bestow it, in no penurious measure, upon this Magazine. It is correctly and elegantly composed. Men of real scholarship and versatile talents are engaged in its support, and their power of fine writing will at once be discerned in the ingenious preface to the volume, commencing with the current year. Accident has prevented our earlier notice of this work, which has our best wishes for its success. We shall omit no practicable opportunity to accelerate the course of this vehicle, and strive only to run with a generous emulation by its side. [*Port Folio.*

[☞ Subscriptions received by THOMAS & WHIPPLE.]

The 2d No. of Carpenter's "*Monthly Register*" was published at Charleston, s.c. on the 31st ult.

A friend of the late Doctor Glyn was lamenting to him the distant behavior of an old acquaintance and college chum, who had been lately *promoted*. "My good sir, (said Glyn) don't you know that from the moment a man mounts a ladder, he always turns his back to you."

POETRY.

From a late London Publication.

THOUGHTS ON APPARITIONS.

Scene—The Ruins of FARLEY CASTLE.
Time—Midnight.

YE spirits who inhabit worlds unknown!
Terrific spectres, whither are ye flown!
Oft have I heard, ye love at this dread hour
To haunt the ruin'd aisle, or moss-grown tower;
To flit in shadowy forms along the glade,
Or stalk gigantic 'midst the gloomy shade.
Yet here alone with silent steps I tread,
Where broken walls their mouldering ruins spread;
Where the cold ashes of the fair and great,
Vainly enshrin'd, repose in awful state;
Where the dark ivy clasps the embattled tower,
And lengthens out awhile its final hour;—
But all is still! no frightful ghost appears;
No ghastly phantom its huge form uprears;
No white rob'd spirit glides across the gloom;
No hollow groan low mutters from the tomb;
But death-like Silence spreads an awe profound,
And Darkness flings her sable mantle round.
Then whither are these shadowy spectres fled,
That nightly guard the relics of the dead?
And where is pale cheek'd Terror's hideous train,
That o'er the midnight hour is said to reign?

Ah! let grim Fear and Superstition tell
A tale of horror from their murky cell;
Where by the glimmering taper's pale blue light,
They pass, in sullen mood, the dreary night;
Starting, with frenzied looks at every sound,
While visionary phantoms float around.
Yes—they may tell of deeds with horror fraught,
And dreadful sights that mock the laboring thought;
Yet will I scorn the vain deluding tale,
Nor let their voice o'er Reason's self prevail.
But can I still a hardy sceptic stand,
Rejecting truths rever'd in every land;
While undisputed facts their force unite,
To prove that spirits haunt the shades of night?
Ah no! I must submit—I plead in vain
Imagination's wild despotic reign;
Or say that Fear by Fancy's magic aid
May fill with airy forms the dubious shade;
And bid the trembling heart, in manhood's spite,
Start from a wavering bush with pale affright.
Yes—'tis in vain! for while with sad surprise
O'er many a dreadful legend Pity sighs,
Some well-attested facts the mind perceives,
And with discriminating power—believes.

Yet shall I dread at this dark hour to rove,
Amid the solemn stillness of the grove;
Or where the time-worn battlements arise,
Or the proud turret low in ruin lies?
I scorn the thought—assur'd that Sovereign Power
Governs alike the dark, or noon-tide hour;
And here as free from rude alarms I stray,
Amid these shades, as in the blaze of day;
While to thy care, O thou Almighty Friend!
By night, or day, thy spirit I commend.

But oh! my heart delights while thus I rove,
To indulge the pleasing thought, that some I love,
Who now have gain'd the radiant seats of bliss,
Attend my wand'rings o'er a scene like this.
Oh yes—methinks I feel her presence near,
Whose memory claims Affection's grateful tear;
Whose form so much belov'd, hath still the power,
With sweetest smiles to cheer the darkest hour;
Dost thou, indeed, my lonely steps attend,
And o'er me now with kind compassion bend;
Anxious with all a mother's love t' impart
A balm to soothe the sorrows of my heart?
Might I indulge the wish that thou wert near;
Blest Spirit! might I now behold thee here;
Such as thou art, array'd in garments bright,
Or such as memory views with fond delight:
I dare believe, my heart with glad surprise
Would linger here till morning beams arise;
With strong desire that gentle voice to hear,
Whose kindness oft hath charm'd my infant ear;
And, fraught with tenderest love, hath lull'd to rest
The little sorrows of my youthful breast.
It must not be! I look around in vain—
Darkness profound, and awful silence reign
O'er all this gloomy scene, which seems to lie
Entomb'd beneath the sable vaulted sky.
Oh! when shall this imprison'd soul of mine
Burst from its dark abode with powers divine,
And meet with those I love, on that blest shore,
Where sorrow, pain and death are known no more.
Oh! let my soul with hopeful patience say,
"Thy will be done!" and wait that awful day,
That bids my spirit wing its wond'rous flight,
From this dark world to realms of purest light;
With rapturous joy, to share the glorious prize
Of immortality above the skies!

THE WIDOW:

A Poetical Sketch, in imitation of Southey.

Wretched Matilda! her heart swell'd with anguish,
Over her children her head hung dejectedly;
When the soft voice of pity, unusual accosted her,
"Why dost thou wander in sorrow and wretchedness?
Hast thou no husband?"
"Hast thou no husband?" her hollow voice echoing,
(That was the string upon which all her sorrows hung)
"Dismal my story is; listen and pity me,
I have no husband.

Long since he fell midst the battles fierce raging,
Then was my comfort and hope gone forever,
Now sorely burthen'd with grief and my little ones,
Abject I wander.
Against my distresses I find every door shut,
None will lend ear to a wretched complainer;
Few, though, to silence my loud importunity,
Throw out a half penny.
Soon I must perish with grief, cold and hunger,
Soon must my children mourn over their dead mother,
Parentless, friendless, oh! I thought agonizing!
To leave my poor children.
Though my stern parents, enrag'd at my marrying,
Vow'd in their anger forever to cast me off;
Yet, could they know the fierce pangs which now torture me,
Sure they'd forgive me!"
Fast down the stranger's cheek trickled the salt tears;
Down hung the mourner's head, she ne'er had noticed him;
"Cease your complaining!" exclaim'd he, upraising her,
I am your brother!

Thy cruel parents, alas! are laid low, in dust;
There, undisturb'd, leave their failings forever.
I'll be the friend of thy fatherless little ones,
Come then along with me."
Wildly she gaz'd at him, joy and grief mingling,
In her sunk eyeballs the tears faintly glisten'd;
Tottering towards him, she to support herself,
Sunk on his shoulder.

"Mother! don't die yet!" scream'd out the young Theodore,
"What shall Amelia and me do without you?—
Ah! dearest sister, our mother can't speak to us!
Mother!—oh, mother!"
Rous'd from her trance by the heart piercing accents,
Trembling she snatch'd the lov'd pair to her bosom.
Greatly the soft scene her brother affected;
Homeward he led them.

Despair's scowling clouds which had long overshadow'd her
Fled: There remain'd but the mist of calm sorrow;
Hope, like the moon a long tempest succeeding,
Shone thro' the scatter'd gloom.

Hint to the Ladies.

THE Spanish ladies veil their faces,
So modest all their notions are;
But here *we* see the *native graces*,
Thin drapery, and *bosoms bare*. SNIP.

AN EPIGRAM,

Made by Dr. Byrom, of Manchester, who had some dispute about parish rates, with the officers of his parish, men remarkably lean:

There were two men, nam'd *Bone* and *Skin*,
Contriv'd to take the parish in,
Between them both to share it;
But be it known to *Skin* and *Bone*,
That *flesh* and *blood* won't bear it.

HUMOR.

"*Mirth* that wrinkled Care derides,
"And *Laughter* holding both his sides."

A field Preacher, having pathetically lamented the depravity of the age, declared, that the *rising* generation *lay* in bed every *morning* till *three o'clock in the afternoon!*

The manager of a company of strolling players was once severely reprehending one of his performers for stupifying himself by drinking quart after quart of porter, and threatened, if he did not break himself of the habit, to discharge him, as an unfit person.—The man promised he would not be guilty of the like again. However, the manager walking out one morning, found his penitent at a little public house, siting *over a pot of ale*. "So, Sir," says he, "I thought you promised me to leave this habit of intoxication." "Indeed," replies the man, "so I have in a *great measure*.

JEUX DE MOT.

A wit bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of a married and single state, exclaimed, what can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down! and in the same tone, by way of self condoling response, observed, a-lass! a-lass!

Mr. S. a *taylor*, having eloped with Mrs. P. the wife of a *barber*, a person wondered what *attractions* she possessed to *draw* the taylor so powerfully towards her. "Surely," says a wag present, "it is very easy to account for the junction of the *needle* with the *pole*."

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

On one of the first nights of the opera of *Cymon*, at Drury-Lane theatre, a dissatisfied musical critic, who was seated on the first row of the pit, when the late Mr. Vernon began the last air in the fourth act, which runs—"*Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?*"

immediately answered the interrogation of the actor in the following words, and in the exact tune of the air,

"*Why, towards* Long-Acre, *towards* Long Acre."

This unexpected circumstance naturally embarrassed poor Vernon; but in a moment recovering himself, he sung, in rejoinder, the following substituted words, instead of the author's—

"*Ho, ho, did they so,*
Then I'll soon overtake her,
I'll soon overtake her"—

and precipitately made his exit amidst the plaudits of the audience.

One of the sons of Æsculapius seems to have been favored with a presentiment of the success of his practice. With all imaginable gravity of countenance, he informs the public in his advertisement, that he has removed from his old station, to a place nearer the church-yard, *for the greater accommodation of his patients.*

DIED,

At Ewhurst, near Guilford, (Eng.) Sarah, the wife of Walter Ansel, of a dropsical disorder in the abdomen, for which she had been tapped by Mr. Borer, surgeon, twenty different times; the first of which was on the 15th September 1802, and the last on the 9th of Dec. 1804, which she survived only a week; in the whole of which times were taken from the poor woman upwards of one hundred gallons of waterish humor or fluid matter.

NEWBURYPORT, (*Massachusetts,*)
PUBLISHED, SATURDAYS,
By WILLIAM B. ALLEN.
No. 7, *State-Street, (back of the Herald Office,)*
Price, 1 dollar 50 cents per ann.—Payable every third of a year, in advance.